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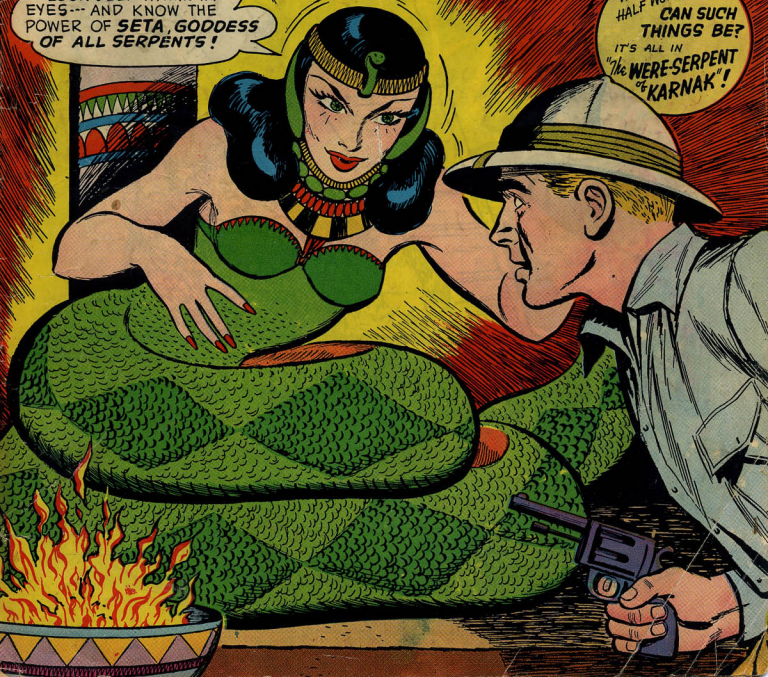
# SKELETON HAND

10¢

in **SECRETS OF THE SUPERNATURAL**

LOOK DEEP WITHIN MY  
EYES... AND KNOW THE  
POWER OF **SETA**, GODDESS  
OF ALL SERPENTS!

HALF SNAKE,  
HALF WOMAN...  
**CAN SUCH  
THINGS BE?**  
IT'S ALL IN  
"THE **WERE-SERPENT**  
OF **KARNAK**!"







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**E**VER SINCE ADAM AND EVE, THE SERPENT HAS BEEN THE SYMBOL OF CUNNING EVIL... A LOATHSOME CREATURE HATED AND FEARED BY ALL EXCEPT THOSE WHO WORSHIP THE BLACK ARTS! THERE WERE MANY SERPENT WORSHIPERS IN THE DAYS OF ANTIQUITY-- AND EVEN TODAY THERE ARE STILL SOME WHO PERFORM THEIR DARK RITES BEFORE SECRET ALTARS IN REMOTE PARTS OF THE WORLD! HERE'S A HAIR-RAISING TALE OF ONE SUCH MODERN CULT... AND THE WERE-SERPENT OF KARNAK!

**IN THE EDITORIAL OFFICES OF LIVE MAGAZINE...**

CATHY... GENE... YOU'RE THE BEST WRITER-PHOTOGRAPHER TEAM I'VE GOT-- AND I'M ASSIGNING YOU TO A HOT PICTURE STORY! YOU'RE GOING TO THE RUINS OF KARNAK IN UPPER EGYPT, WHERE ARCHEOLOGISTS HAVE JUST UNCOVERED A

**MONSTROUS  
STONE  
SERPENT!**

EGYPT,  
AGAIN? WE  
COVERED  
THE SUEZ  
RIOTS THERE  
ONLY LAST  
MONTH--WHY  
SEND US  
BACK?

BECAUSE YOU'VE BOTH PICKED UP ENOUGH EGYPTIAN LINGO TO PASS AS NATIVES! YOU SEE, THE ASSIGNMENT WOULD BE TOO DANGEROUS FOR ANYONE WHO'D BE CONSIDERED A FOREIGNER! YOU'LL HAVE TO GO THERE IN ARAB DISGUISES!

I DON'T GET IT! HOW COULD GETTING A STORY ABOUT AN ANCIENT STONE SERPENT BE DANGEROUS?



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IT ALL GOES BACK TO AN ANCIENT SERPENT CULT WHOSE PRIESTESS, SETA, WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A WERE-SERPENT! SHE'S BEEN DEAD OVER 4,000 YEARS, BUT IT SEEMS THAT THE DESCENDANTS OF THE ORIGINAL SERPENT-WORSHIPPERS HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR THE UNCOVERING OF THIS STONE SERPENT! THE LEGEND SAYS THAT DURING THE FIRST FULL MOON AFTER THE SERPENT HAS REAPPEARED, SETA WILL AWAKEN-- AND TURN ALL HER DEVOTEES INTO WERE-SERPENTS!

SO WHAT? SHEER SUPERSTITION!

MAYBE-- BUT THERE'LL BE A COLORFUL CEREMONY AT THE FULL MOON NEXT WEEK! THE PRESS WON'T COVER IT, SINCE THE FANATICAL SERPENT-WORSHIPPERS WON'T LET ANY OUTSIDERS WITNESS THE CEREMONY!

BUT IF YOU TWO DISGUISE YOURSELVES AS NATIVE CULTISTS, THERE SHOULD BE A SWELL STORY IN IT-- AND A RAISE!

A RAISE? HMM...

KARNAK, HERE WE COME!

AFTER A FAST TRANS-OCEANIC FLIGHT IN A CHARTERED PLANE...

WE SHOULD BE OVER THE KARNAK AREA JUST AROUND NIGHTFALL!

GOOD! WE'LL PARACHUTE DOWN, DON OUR NATIVE ROBES, CATHY, AND THEN BURY OUR CHUTES IN THE SAND...

THAT MOON'S ALMOST FULL-- TOMORROW MUST BE THE NIGHT OF THE SNAKE-WORSHIPING RITES! SURE HOPE I GET SOME GOOD SHOTS WITH THAT MINIATURE CAMERA I BROUGHT ALONG-- MY COMPACT DEVELOPING KIT CAN DEVELOP THEM IMMEDIATELY!

ON THE FORBIDDING DESERT OF UPPER EGYPT...

ALL SET FOR TOMORROW, GENE-- THESE COSTUMES AND THE BROWN PIGMENT ON OUR FACES OUGHT TO LET US PASS FOR NATIVES!

ONE MORE PRECAUTION, CATHY! IN MOST NATIVE SERPENT-WORSHIPING RITES, THE CULTISTS ARE SUPPOSED TO HANDLE POISONOUS SNAKES TO PROVE THEIR FAITH! IF WE RUN INTO THAT, PRESS THE SAC OF THIS RING-- AND A TINY HYPODERMIC NEEDLE WILL INJECT A POWERFUL ANTI-VENOM INTO YOUR BLOOD STREAM!



NEXT DAY, AT THE RUINS OF KARNAK...

LOOK, CATHY--  
THERE'S THAT  
STONE SERPENT!  
IT-- IT'S  
MONSTROUS!

LOOK AT ALL THE  
NATIVES CONVERGING  
ON IT! COME ON--  
LET'S JOIN  
THEM!

BUT AS THEY DRAW NEAR,  
THEY SEE...

OOOOPS!  
BLAST  
THAT  
BLOODY  
STONE!

A FOREIGNER!  
SEIZE THE  
SPY!

THE ANCIENT LEGENDS SAY THAT  
SETA CAN ONLY BE AWAKENED  
IF A HUMAN SACRIFICE  
IS MADE TO HER-- AND NOW  
WE HAVE THE SACRIFICE!

I RECOGNIZE THAT  
MAN-- HE'S A BRITISH  
CORRESPONDENT! BUT  
WE DON'T DARE TRY  
TO SAVE HIM-- IT'D  
BE OUR FINISH!

LATER, AS A FULL MOON LIGHTS UP AN EERIE SCENE...

THE HOUR HAS COME-- OUR  
PRIESTESS SHALL AWAKEN  
FROM HER SLEEP OF  
CENTURIES!

AND THIS  
WILL AWAKEN  
HER-- THE  
INFIDEL'S  
DEATH!

STEADY,  
CATHY--  
THERE'S  
NOTHING WE  
CAN DO!

AS THE  
VICTIM'S DYING  
SHRIEK FADES  
ON THE DESERT  
AIR, AN EVEN  
MORE UNCANNY  
SOUND IS  
HEARD-- THE  
GRATING OF  
STONE  
HINGES  
UNUSED  
FOR 4,000  
YEARS!

GR-REEEK!



LOOK, GENE!  
THE SNAKE'S  
MOUTH-- IT'S  
OPENING!

AND THERE'S  
SOMETHING  
STANDING IN IT--  
A MUMMY!

THEN, AS THE ANCIENT  
BANDAGES FALL AWAY...

GENE--  
SHE...  
SHE'S  
ALIVE!

AND...  
BEAUTI-  
FUL!

GREETINGS, O DESCENDANTS  
OF THOSE WHO WORSHIPPED  
ME 4,000 SUNS AGO! THE  
PROPHECY OF MY REAWAKEN-  
ING HAS BEEN FULFILLED--  
AND NOW THE TIME HAS  
COME FOR OUR CULT TO  
EXPAND UNTIL IT INCLUDES  
EVERY HUMAN IN  
THE WORLD!



ALL OF YOU WILL BECOME WERE-SERPENTS  
AS SOON AS I CHANGE INTO MY SERPENT  
FORM! YOU WILL RETURN TO YOUR TOWNS AS  
HUMANS BY DAY-- BUT AS SERPENTS BY  
NIGHT! YOU WILL STRIKE AT YOUR VICTIMS  
IN THE DARK, CHANGING **THEM** INTO  
WERE-SERPENTS LIKE YOURSELVES!  
**THEY** WILL STRIKE AT NEW VICTIMS--  
UNTIL OUR CULT COVERS  
ALL LANDS!

IS SHE MAD,  
GENE-- OR  
ARE WE?  
WAIT--  
DO-- DO  
YOU SEE  
WHAT I  
SEE?

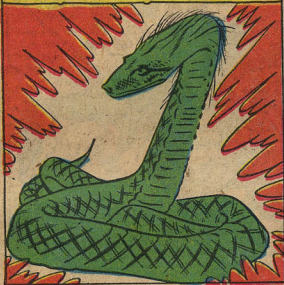
YE GODS--  
SHE'S  
CHANGING--  
INTO A  
SERPENT!

KHAL  
NEFERU  
NAKHELA...!





AND AS THE WEIRD, SINGSONG CHANT ENDS, THE FRIGHTFUL TRANSFORMATION IS COMPLETED!



AND THEN--  
A FINAL  
HORROR--

OH! NOW THE  
NATIVES  
ARE  
CHANGING!

YES-- AND  
WE'RE THE  
ONLY ONES  
WHO AREN'T!  
LOOK-- SETA'S  
GOT HER  
BEADY  
EYES  
ON US!



AS SETA RESUMES HER HUMAN SHAPE...

SO-- TWO OF YOU ARE NOT  
DESCENDANTS OF THE ORIGINAL  
CULTISTS! SEIZE THEM, MY  
PETS-- DRAG THEM TO ME!



GENE--  
HELP!

I... I CAN'T,  
CATHY-- THEY'RE  
TOO MANY  
FOR ME!



AS I THOUGHT-- FOREIGNERS!  
CHANGING MY FOLLOWERS INTO  
SERPENTS WAS AN INFALLIBLE  
WAY OF DISCOVERING  
YOUR PRESENCE!



I WILL CHANGE  
INTO MY SERPENT  
STATE, STRIKE AT  
YOU WITH MY  
FANGS-- SO  
THAT YOU WILL  
BECOME  
ETERNAL  
SLAVES  
OF THE  
CULT!

SQUEEZE YOUR  
RING, CATHY-- THE  
ANTI-VENOM  
SHOULD WARD OFF  
THE EFFECTS OF  
HER BITE!







IN A SECRET CHAMBER AT THE BASE OF THE STONE SERPENT...





MEANWHILE...

MERCY..  
MERCY,  
IN THE NAME OF  
ALLAH!

AH, SO YOU'RE  
THE ONE MY PETS  
KIDNAPPED OUT OF  
THE DESERT! NOW..  
WE'LL SEE!



AH-- I HAVE NOT LOST MY  
POWERS! DRAG THE TWO  
FOREIGNERS UP HERE,  
MY PETS!



I KNOW YOU LIED TO ME.. BUT I STILL  
WISH TO KNOW WHAT SECRET POWER  
YOU USED TO PREVENT YOURSELF  
FROM BEING TURNED INTO A WERE-  
SERPENT! YOU WILL TELL ME.. OR  
THE GIRL WILL SUFFER FOR IT!

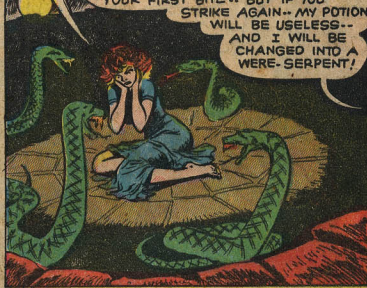
**WATCH!**



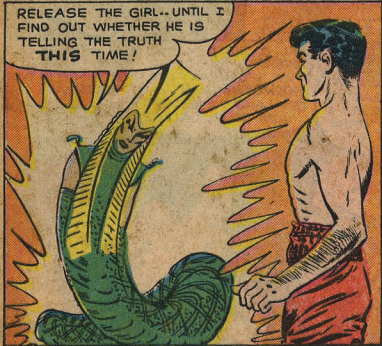
OH-- NO--  
**NO!**

CALL OFF YOUR PETS, SETA.. I'LL  
TELL YOU MY SECRET! I HAD A  
MAGIC POTION THAT COUNTERACTED  
YOUR FIRST BITE.. BUT IF YOU

STRIKE AGAIN-- MY POTION  
WILL BE USELESS--  
AND I WILL BE  
CHANGED INTO A  
WERE-SERPENT!



RELEASE THE GIRL.. UNTIL I  
FIND OUT WHETHER HE IS  
TELLING THE TRUTH  
**THIS TIME!**





A  
MOMENT  
LATER...

YOU'VE BEEN **TRICKED**,  
SETA! THERE ARE  
ENOUGH OXIDIZING  
CHEMICALS IN YOUR  
SYSTEM NOW TO  
DESTROY ALL THE  
WERE-SERPENT  
VENOM YOU  
POSSESS!

AGHHH!

GENE-- SHE... SHE'S  
DISINTEGRATING  
INTO DUST!

YES, THE MOMENT SHE LOST HER  
WERE-SERPENT POWERS, HER  
REASON FOR EXISTENCE WAS GONE  
-- AND SHE'S TURNING INTO WHAT  
SHE SHOULD HAVE BEEN  
CENTURIES AGO!



AND LOOK--  
NOW THAT THE  
PRIESTESS OF  
THEIR CULT  
HAS BEEN  
DESTROYED, THE  
NATIVES ARE ALL  
RETURNING TO  
THEIR HUMAN  
STATES!

THE CULT OF SETA IS  
DEAD! BACK TO OUR  
HOMES!



DAYS LATER,  
BACK IN  
NEW YORK--

WELL, I'M  
INCLINED TO  
BELIEVE YOUR  
STORY-- BUT  
I'M AFRAID  
MY READERS  
WOULDN'T! I  
DON'T DARE  
PRINT IT!

WHEN THE TRANSFORMATION IS COMPLETE...

MERCY, O MIGHTY  
SORCERER WHOSE  
POWER WAS  
GREATER THAN  
SETA'S! SPARE  
US!

I STILL HAVE MY  
UNUSED POWERS,  
WHICH I WILL TURN  
AGAINST YOU UNLESS  
YOU DISBAND YOUR  
CULT AND RETURN TO  
YOUR HOMES! THE  
SERPENT-WORSHIPPING  
CULT OF SETA WAS  
EVIL-- AND NOW IT  
IS DEAD!



PAL, I DON'T CARE IF THAT STORY NEVER  
SEES THE LIGHT OF DAY! WE'VE LEARNED  
THAT THERE ARE STRANGER THINGS IN THE  
UNKNOWN THAN MAN EVER DREAMED  
OF-- AND WE'RE HAPPY  
JUST TO BE ALIVE!



THE  
END 13





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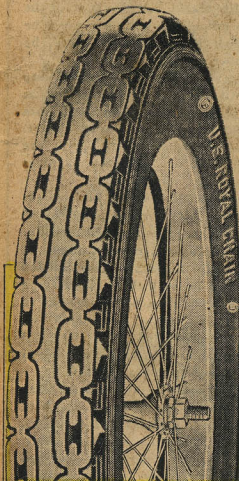


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# Horror *in the* SWAMP

**T**HURSTON HAD NO regrets, but during the six months of dreary existence living with a native tribe in the heart of the Brazilian jungles, he'd had plenty of time to think things over. And his mind kept harkening back to the chain of circumstances which had brought him there.

A business man named Marrero had come to the airport in Rio de Janeiro one day, and finding no regularly scheduled flight to Chile, had hired Thurston's two-seater to make the special trip. Marrero had paid well, very well, and Thurston was quick to notice the man's expensive clothes and huge diamond ring. But it was Marrero's bulging briefcase which interested him most, and just before take-off, he sneaked a glimpse at the contents as he placed it in the baggage compartment. It was filled with crisp bills of large denominations.

Thurston made up his mind when they were over the jungles. He'd be a fool not to dump Marrero and head the plane for Mexico and years of luxury. Marrero was frail, aging; two or three fast loops and he'd black out.

Opening the throttle, Thurston nosed the plane into a steep dive, swooped upwards and over abruptly, and dived again. He was quite dizzy himself when he leveled off, but Marrero had fainted. Now it was simple to slide open the rear cockpit window, loosen Marrero's safety belt, and turn the plane over. He was quite pleased with himself as he watched the body fall, down and down endlessly, until the speck disappeared in the jungle.

He was regretting the loss of the diamond ring when the motor suddenly sputtered. Thurston looked at the propeller, horrified, as it stopped spinning. In an instant the plane was hurtling towards the jungle.

"I overtaxed that old crate," Thurston muttered as he sat in the village clearing, "but all in all I was lucky." Which was true, for only a few hours after his parachute landing he'd been picked up by natives. But the six months with them had been maddening, with nothing to do but try

to persuade the chief to have him escorted to civilization. For some time he'd realized that arguing with them was useless. He'd have to try getting back alone.

He started out late that afternoon, using a native machete to hack a trail through the dense growth. When night fell he was deep in the jungle, though he'd traveled only a few miles. For three days, into ever thickening vegetation, he cut his way eastward.

It happened on the fourth night. Despite near exhaustion, he couldn't sleep. He found himself thinking of Marrero, for he estimated that he was close to the spot where the body had fallen. Nervously, he listened to strange birds screaming in the darkness, and the roar of distant big cats. It was totally black, and the heat of the jungle was strangling him, but when he heard a jaguar roar ominously close, he decided to move on.

He didn't realize that he'd stumbled into a swamp until sticky ooze was pulling at his legs. He whirled, but didn't dare turn back, for the jaguar's cries were closer. Desperately, he slogged forward, while tree moss hanging like heavy curtains against his face obstructed his way.

At first he thought it was a bird shrieking behind him. But the eerie sound rooted him in his tracks. He listened intently. There it was again...grim, satanic...A HUMAN LAUGH! Fingers of fear crawled up his spine as he took three quick steps forward. All at once the bottom seemed to fall from under his feet. "Quicksand!" he yelled into the darkness, "Help! HELP!" But there was no answer, as the relentless sands swirled swiftly to his knees.

Suddenly, a peal of exultant laughter crashed around his ears, and a speck of light materialized, sparkling as if from a huge diamond! Then...it began to swell, take form! Thurston's mouth was twisted in terror as the transparent figure of Marrero hovered close by. Then there was only triumphant laughter filling the night, until the slimy quicksands closing over Thurston's head shut off all sound.



# The BAT and the BRAIN

ONE WAS A CREATURE THAT FLUTTERED AND CIRCLED IN THE SHADOWS OF A QUIET LABORATORY-- THE OTHER WAS A MIND THAT FLAPPED THROUGH THE DARK BYWAYS OF ETERNAL MIDNIGHT! TOGETHER, THEY FORMED THE BAT AND THE BRAIN-- HIDEOUSLY FUSED BY THE WILL OF A VAMPIRE!



LATE ONE NIGHT--

I'M NO SCIENTIST--SO I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY DON HAS SHUT HIMSELF IN A LONELY LABORATORY FOR OVER A MONTH! BUT I AM THE GIRL HE'S GOING TO MARRY-- AND NO EXPERIMENT'S GOING TO KEEP US APART ANOTHER MOMENT!





**BARBARA!** I WAS ON THE VERGE OF PHONING YOU-- BECAUSE I'VE JUST ABOUT WOUND UP THE FIRST PHASE OF MY PROJECT!

**DARLING--** YOU LOOK TIRED! WHATEVER YOU'VE BEEN WORKING ON-- IT'S BEEN A TERRIBLE STRAIN!



**ALL I'VE NOTICED IS AN OCCASIONAL HEADACHE-- PROBABLY BROUGHT ON BY THE EXCITEMENT OF MY DISCOVERY! YOU SEE, I'VE HAD SOME AMAZING EXPERIENCES WITH A-- WELL, I SUPPOSE YOU COULD CALL IT AN ANIMAL!**



**THEN-- TWITCHING AND RUSTLING ON THE SHADOWED RIM--**

**WATCH, BARBARA-- HERE IT COMES!**

**OH! IT'S A HORRID LITTLE BAT!**

**HEAVENS, DON-- YOU MAKE IT SOUND WONDERFULLY MYSTERIOUS! WHAT IS THIS THING?**

**YOU'LL SEE-- AS SOON AS I'VE CONCENTRATED A FEW SECONDS! THERE'S SOMETHING IN THAT BOX-- AND I'M GOING TO BRING IT OUT!**



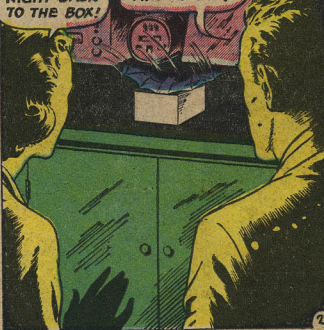
**NOW IT'S GOING TO FLY-- RIGHT OVER OUR HEADS!**

**NO-- DON'T! THAT THING HORRIFIES ME-- STOP IT!**



**LOOK! IT TURNED ABRUPTLY-- RIGHT BACK TO THE BOX!**

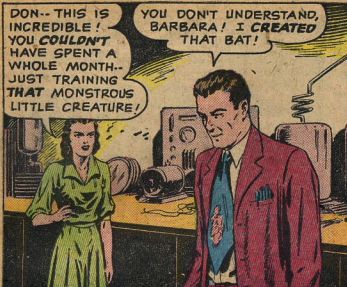
**SURE-- ISN'T THAT WHAT YOU WANTED? YOU TOLD ME TO STOP IT-- AND I DID!**





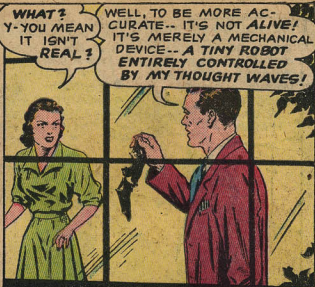
DON-- THIS IS INCREDIBLE! YOU **COULDN'T** HAVE SPENT A WHOLE MONTH-- JUST TRAINING THAT MONSTROUS LITTLE CREATURE!

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, BARBARA! I **CREATED** THAT BAT!



WHAT? Y-YOU MEAN IT ISN'T REAL?

WELL, TO BE MORE ACCURATE-- IT'S NOT ALIVE! IT'S MERELY A MECHANICAL DEVICE-- A TINY ROBOT ENTIRELY CONTROLLED BY MY THOUGHT WAVES!



THOUGHT WAVES GENERATE FAINT **ELECTRICAL IMPULSES** THAT ARE PICKED UP BY SENSITIVE **REACTOR CELLS** IN THE BAT'S MECHANISM! THERE, THE IMPULSES ARE TRANSFORMED INTO **ENERGY**-- GIVING THE BAT MOTION! THAT'S WHY, WHEN MY BRAIN CONCENTRATES ON THE REACTOR CELLS, THE BAT BECOMES **ALMOST** A LIVING THING-- AND ITS FLUTTERING TAKES ON A FANTASTIC REALISM!

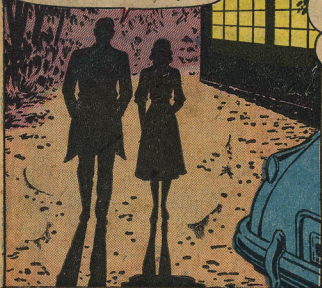


FANTASTIC ISN'T THE WORD FOR IT! IF YOU **HAD** TO TEST YOUR REACTOR CELLS ON AN ARTIFICIAL ANIMAL-- WHAT EVER MADE YOU CHOOSE A **BAT**?

I **KNEW** YOU'D ASK THAT! TO BEGIN WITH-- LIVING ORGANISMS EITHER SWIM, WALK, CRAWL-- OR FLY!



OF THESE MOVEMENTS-- FLYING IS THE ONE MOST AFFECTED BY THINGS LIKE WIND CURRENTS AND ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE! ACCORDINGLY, A DECISIVE TEST REQUIRED A **FLYING MECHANISM**-- AND IT SO HAPPENS THAT THE ANATOMY OF A BAT IS PERFECTLY SUITED TO THE REACTOR CELL MECHANISM!



IT'S REALLY AN AMAZING DISCOVERY, DON-- BUT DON'T YOU THINK IT CAN BE CARRIED TOO FAR? WHEN THE BAT'S IN MOTION, YOU GET PALE AND TENSE-- AS IF IT'S DRAINING YOUR ENERGY!

BLAME THAT ON THE HEAD-ACHES I MENTIONED, HONEY-- NOT BRAIN WAVES USING A MERE 'MILLIONTH OF A VOLT! ANYWAY, I'LL WIND THINGS UP IN TWO MORE DAYS-- AND IF YOU WANT TO USE THE SPARE ROOM-- YOU CAN GIVE ME A HAND!

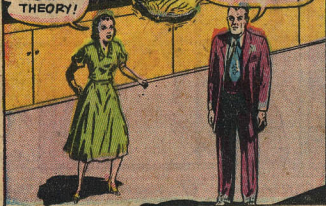




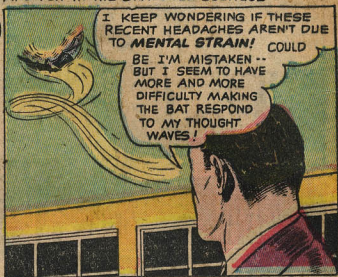
THE FOLLOWING NIGHT--

DON-- DO YOU HAVE TO  
ACTIVATE THAT CREATURE  
AGAIN? AFTER ALL--  
YOU'VE ALREADY  
**PROVED**  
YOUR  
THEORY!

I'M JUST MAKING  
A FEW FINAL  
OBSERVATIONS!  
IT'S PRETTY LATE,  
BARBARA-- WHY  
DON'T YOU GO  
UPSTAIRS?



A MOMENT LATER.. WATCHING THE THING WHEEL  
AND FLIT IN THE SHADOWED SOLITUDE--



I KEEP WONDERING IF THESE  
RECENT HEADACHES AREN'T DUE  
TO **MENTAL STRAIN!** COULD  
BE I'M MISTAKEN --  
BUT I SEEM TO HAVE  
MORE AND MORE  
DIFFICULTY MAKING  
THE BAT RESPOND  
TO MY THOUGHT  
WAVES!

**GO BACK TO THE TABLE!**  
**GO BACK-- AND REMAIN**  
**MOTIONLESS!**



AS A MOMENTARY TREMOR RIPPLES THE GLOSSY  
WINGS--

STRANGE THAT IT SHOULD MOVE EVEN  
**SLIGHTLY.. WHEN I'M NO LONGER GIVING OUT**  
**THOUGHT IMPULSES!** BUT IT WOULD BE ABSURD  
TO THINK THAT THE CREATURE'S DEVELOPING SOME  
SORT OF INDEPENDENCE OF ACTION! THERE MUST  
BE SOME OTHER REASON-- SOMETHING THAT CAN BE EXPLAINED  
**SCIENTIFICALLY!**



SOON  
AFTER-  
WARD--

DON DOESN'T KNOW I WATCHED  
HIM PEERING AT THE BAT--  
AFTER IT ALIGHTED ON THE  
TABLE! MY OWN FEAR WAS  
BAD ENOUGH-- BUT WHEN I  
SEE HIM BEGINNING TO  
DOUBT-- I CAN'T BEAR  
THE THOUGHT OF GOING  
TO BED!



SUDDENLY.. AS THE DRIFTING MIST GATHERS  
INTO A SHAPE OF HORROR--

**GOOD HEAVENS--**  
**WHAT IS IT?**





THOSE HIDEOUS WINGS ARE JUST LIKE THE BAT'S! BUT IT... IT'S THE GHOST OF A THING THAT DIED!

YES-- BEFORE, MY PHANTOM MIND COULD ONLY SEEK OUT VICTIMS! BUT NOW IT WILL BE DIFFERENT-- NOW I HAVE FOUND A WAY TO PREY ON THEM!



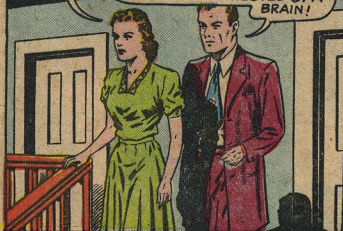
HONEY-- WHAT HAPPENED?

IT WAS A GHOST-- WITH HORRIBLE BAT WINGS-- AND IT FLUTTERED OUT OF THE WINDOW JUST AS YOU REACHED THE DOOR! THE THING SPOKE TO ME, DON-- SOMETHING ABOUT PREYING ON VICTIMS!



I SENSED YESTER- DAY THAT YOU'D GONE TOO FAR, DON-- AND NOW I'M SURE OF IT!

BARBARA, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING THAT'LL CONVINCE YOU! I WANT YOU TO EXAMINE THE BAT CLOSELY-- SATISFYING YOURSELF THAT IT'S NOTHING. BUT A MECHANICAL GADGET-- INCAPABLE OF DOING ANYTHING UNLESS IT'S DIRECTED BY A BRAIN!



THEN-- DON! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE-- HELP!

YE GODS-- BARBARA SOUNDS SCARED WITHIN AN INCH OF HER LIFE!



LET'S CALM DOWN! YOU MUST HAVE DOZED OFF-- AND YOUR UNCONSCIOUS FEAR OF THE ARTIFICIAL BAT WAS EXPRESSED IN A NIGHTMARE!

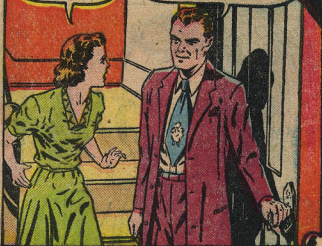
I TELL YOU I SAW THE THING AND HEARD IT! I'M NOT GOING CRAZY!



A MOMENT LATER-- AT THE LIBRARY DOOR--

LISTEN! DO YOU HEAR THAT FAINT SOUND INSIDE-- LIKE FLAPPING?

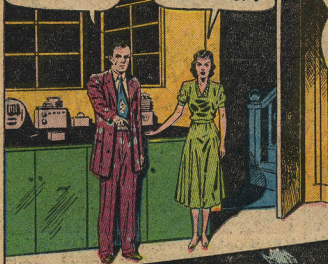
SURE! IT MIGHT BE A TWIG BRUSHING THE WINDOW-- OR PAPERS ON MY DESK RUSTLED BY THE BREEZE-- BUT IT CAN'T BE WHAT YOU THINK IT IS!





SEE? THERE'S  
THE BAT ON  
THE TABLE--  
**MOTIONLESS!**

YES-- IT'S MOTIONLESS  
**NOW!** BUT THAT'S  
NOT THE TABLE YOU  
LEFT IT ON!



YOU'RE RIGHT--  
BUT **THAT'S**  
EASY TO EXPLAIN!  
THE BAT ONLY  
WEIGHS A FEW  
OUNCES-- A  
GUST OF WIND  
COULD EASILY  
HAVE SWEPT  
IT ACROSS  
THE LAB!

YOU'RE BLINDING YOURSELF  
TO THE TRUTH BECAUSE  
YOU'RE A SCIENTIST--  
UNWILLING TO FACE ANY-  
THING YOU CAN'T EXPLAIN!  
PLEASE, DON-- FROM  
NOW ON KEEP THIS  
WINDOW **CLOSED!**



WHY, HONEY-- AFRAID  
IT MIGHT GET OUT?  
OKAY, I'LL GIVE IN  
TO YOUR WHIM--  
BUT DON'T THINK  
I'M CONVINCED!

I'M **SURE** YOU ARE,  
DON! TONIGHT YOU  
DID SOMETHING VERY  
STRANGE-- YOU MOVED  
THE BAT WITH A  
**FORCEPS**-- AS IF  
YOU'RE UNCONSCIOUSLY  
AWARE THAT THE  
THING'S ALIVE!



DON-- I WON'T THINK ANY  
LESS OF YOU IF YOU ADMIT  
THE TRUTH-- **THAT YOU'RE  
BAFFLED AND AFRAID!**  
YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE TO  
**SAY IT-- ONLY LET'S GET  
OUT OF HERE TONIGHT!**

MAYBE YOU'RE  
RIGHT, HONEY!  
WAIT FOR ME  
IN THE LIVING  
ROOM-- I HAVE  
SOME WORK  
TO DO!

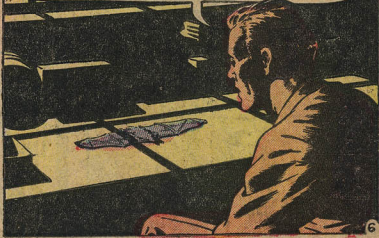


AS THE MINUTES TICK PAST-- AND THE RESTLESS  
MOONLIGHT GLISTENS ON WINGS WITH  
NEITHER LIFE NOR MOTION--

I KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE IN MIND-- BUT  
FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE-- **BE CAREFUL!**  
I'VE GOT A DREADFUL FEELING THAT  
IT'S TOO LATE-- **THAT HE WON'T  
LET YOU DESTROY IT!**



**SHOULD I DESTROY IT-- AND ADMIT I'VE  
TAMPERED WITH A FORCE I SHOULD HAVE LEFT  
UNFATHOMED? OR SHOULD I STICK TO WHAT I  
TOLD BARBARA-- THAT THE BAT'S A THING  
THAT MUST BE DIRECTED BY A BRAIN?**





GOOD LORD-- PERHAPS THAT EXPLAINS THE FATIGUE I FEEL AFTER EXPERIMENTING WITH THE BAT-- THE SENSATION THAT SOMETHING'S RUNNING COUNTER TO MY MY THOUGHT IMPULSES! IS THERE A FORCE AT WORK HERE THAT I HAVEN'T RECKONED WITH-- **ANOTHER BRAIN?**



NO, THAT **CAN'T** BE TRUE-- BECAUSE THE BAT DOESN'T SHOW A SINGLE SIGN OF LIFE! I'LL ADMIT THAT THE EYES HAVE AN AMAZINGLY REALISTIC GLEAM-- BUT THAT'S JUST A DETAIL I HADN'T NOTICED BEFORE!



THEN-- SLASHING THE SILENCE LIKE SPLINTERED GLASS--

**BARBARA! SOMETHING'S WRONG-- IN THE LIVING ROOM!**



TWO FORMS DART TOWARD THE LABORATORY DOOR-- ONE A MAN SHAKEN TO HIS SOUL-- AND THE OTHER--

YE GODS-- **THE BAT!** SOMETHING'S CONTROLLING IT -- GUIDING IT TO WHERE SHE IS!



IN THE FIRST FRANTIC INSTANT, THE SHADOWED ROOM HOLDS NOTHING BUT A WHITE-FACED GIRL -- AND THE SKITTERING BEAT OF SMALL BLACK WINGS--

**BARBARA-- WHERE IS IT?**

THERE--THERE! GOOD HEAVENS, CAN'T YOU SEE IT-- AGAINST THE WALL?



FROM NOW, UNTIL THE END OF TIME, WE SHALL BE ONE -- THE BAT AND THE BRAIN! THE BRAIN WITH ITS EVIL-- THE BAT WITH ITS FANGS-- AND BOTH WITH THE SOUL OF A VAMPIRE!





IN THE NEXT INSTANT--

PREY IS WHAT WE WILL  
SEEK HENCEFORTH--THE  
BAT SUSTAINING ITSELF  
WITH BLOOD-- THE  
BRAIN FEASTING  
ON THE VICTIM'S  
TERROR!

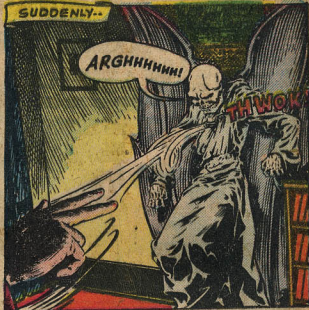
DON-- THAT  
HORRIBLE THING--  
IT'S FLAPPING  
TOWARD ME!



SUDDENLY--

ARGHHHHHH!

THWOK!



TWO PAIRS OF WINGS BEAT WILDLY AGAINST  
THE WALL-- ONE OF THEM SILENT AND DIMMING  
--THE OTHER WHIRRING IN A WEIRD METALLIC  
SPASM!

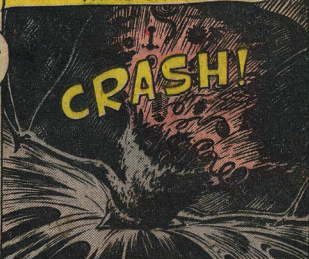
AGH...  
AGH...

YOU WON'T HAVE TO WATCH  
THIS MUCH LONGER, BARBARA  
--THE VAMPIRE'S STARTING  
TO DISAPPEAR-- AND THE  
BAT NO LONGER HAS  
ANY CONTROL!



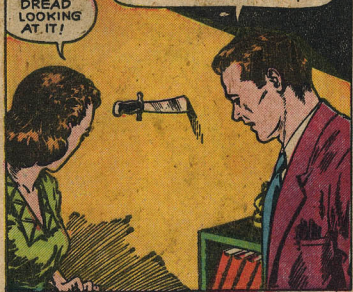
THEN-- AS THE WRITHING FIGURE  
FADES OFF--

CRASH!



THE BAT'S  
COMPLETELY  
SMASHED--  
BUT EVEN  
NOW I  
DREAD  
LOOKING  
AT IT!

THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID  
OF! WITH THE BRAIN DESTROYED,  
THE BAT BECAME A MERE  
INANIMATE MACHINE-- AND  
THERE'S WHAT IS LEFT!



DON, NOW THAT IT'S  
OVER-- MAYBE IT'S  
BEST TO FORGET  
ABOUT YOUR RE-  
ACTOR CELLS--  
AND TRY TO RE-  
MEMBER THE  
PHANTOM BRAIN AS  
A HORRIFYING  
ILLUSION!

MAYBE YOU'RE  
RIGHT, HONEY-- BUT  
IT'D BE A LOT  
EASIER IF I HADN'T  
DESTROYED THAT  
THING THE WAY A  
VAMPIRE *SHOULD*  
BE DESTROYED--  
WITH A SILVER  
BLADE!



THE  
END 3

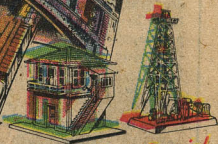


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# CHILL CHATTER

**H**ELLO THERE, READERS! Nice to sit down and talk things over with you! *natural...otherwise, you'd never have bought "Skeleton Hand" in the first place!*

We had been about to greet you as loyal fans of that great new magazine of the supernatural, "Skeleton Hand", but decided, in the interests of modesty, to hold off a bit... It revolves upon us, therefore, to make sure that in our magazine, you are receiving as excellent a product as can be achieved. That means tense, gripping stories that pack chill and impact. It means art work that not only ranks with, but exceeds the best you've known so far. These are the type of following, one would say...but we wonder! standards which you can expect in this magazine, and we pledge ourselves to uphold them. The results of this policy are clearly portrayed in this current issue. For judging by the sellout which greeted our first issue, we may already have gathered the public that will be with us for a long, long time. And so, to all of you fine people, go our heartfelt thanks for an enthusiastic coast-to-coast reception which has given "Skeleton Hand" a sendoff such as few publications have been accorded.

But it isn't enough to have a single issue sell like wildfire. Such sales must be sustained. Readers must be won and held, so that they keep coming back steadily for more. There's only one way in which such results can be achieved, and that's through giving you just the type of magazine that you want. We know that all of you are interested in the fascinating field of the super-

*"The Were-Serpent of Karnak" is a suspenseful, action-laden story that packs many a gasp. "The Bat and the Brain" is as weird and exciting a yarn as ever you've encountered. "Tomb of the Unholy Dead" will thrill you as never before...and a galaxy of spine-tingling shorts rounds out an issue which hits home!*

Won't you write and tell us what you think of this issue...and what you'd like us to carry in the future? Address your letter to The Editor, "Skeleton Hand", 45 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. And just to indicate what some of our other readers think...here goes!

**"Dear Editor:-**

*I'm a dyed-in-the-wool fan for all supernatural-type comics, and buy every new one that comes out. But I sure did get a surprise when I picked up 'Skeleton Hand'. To be brief, it's just about the best one I've ever read. Whoever your writers are, they know how to put together a riproaring, exciting story. Just keep 'em coming that good, and you've got a steady reader!*

**--Linjon Alvarez, Chicago, Ill."**

**"Dear Editor:-**

*I've never been a steady reader of weird comic books, because I never found one in which the stories didn't seem impossible. But I'm glad to say that 'Skeleton Hand' is different. I thought that 'Deathless Mortal' was really thrilling. Give me more like that one...and 'Death For Hire', too. I'll be waiting for your next issue!*

**--Henry B. Sutridge, New Orleans, La."**

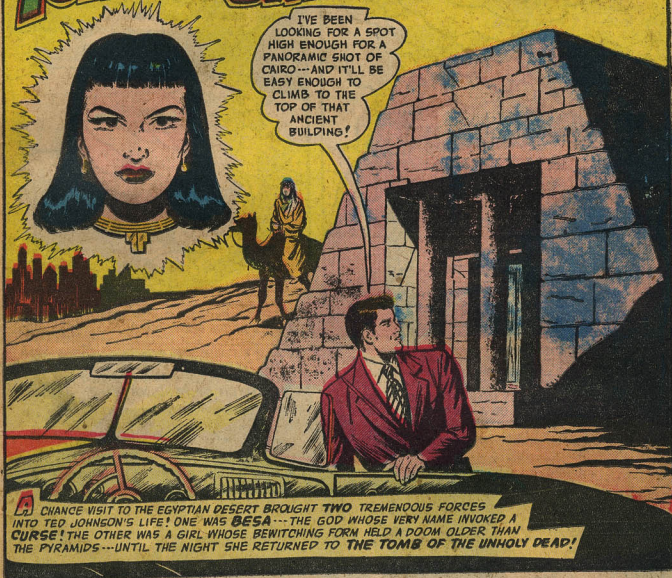
**"Dear Editor:-**

*Hurrah for 'Skeleton Hand'! It's the best I've seen yet, and I've seen plenty! Keep up the good work!*

**--Alice Rosenthal, Beverly Hills, Cal."**



# TOMB of the UNHOLY DEAD



I'VE BEEN  
LOOKING FOR A SPOT  
HIGH ENOUGH FOR A  
PANORAMIC SHOT OF  
CAIRO---AND IT'LL BE  
EASY ENOUGH TO  
CLIMB TO THE  
TOP OF THAT  
ANCIENT  
BUILDING!

A CHANCE VISIT TO THE EGYPTIAN DESERT BROUGHT TWO TREMENDOUS FORCES INTO TED JOHNSON'S LIFE! ONE WAS **BESA**---THE GOD WHOSE VERY NAME INVOKED A CURSE! THE OTHER WAS A GIRL WHOSE BEWITCHING FORM HELD A DOOM OLDER THAN THE PYRAMIDS---UNTIL THE NIGHT SHE RETURNED TO THE TOMB OF THE UNHOLY DEAD!

GO CAUTIOUSLY,  
EFFENDI! TOUR-  
ISTS ARE NEVER  
TAKEN TO THIS  
SPOT---TO MAKE  
SURE THEY DO  
NOT STRAY IN-  
TO THE  
TOMB!

SO THAT'S WHAT  
IT IS! BUT TOMBS  
ARE A DIME A  
DOZEN IN  
EGYPT---WHY  
BE SO CARE-  
FUL ABOUT  
THIS ONE?

BECAUSE WHOEVER ENTERS THE  
TOMB IS **CURSED**---TO PREVENT  
THEIR REMOVING ANY OF THE UNHOLY  
DEAD WHO HAVE LAIN INSIDE SINCE  
THE DAYS OF OUR ANCIENT KINGS!  
IT IS EASY TO JEER---BUT SEVERAL  
YEARS AGO A SCIENTIST REMOVED  
ONE OF THE MUMMIES---AND DIED  
WITHIN AN  
HOUR AFTER  
HE REMOVED  
THE MUSTY  
WRAPPINGS!

SOUNDS GRIM--  
BUT ALL I'M  
INTERESTED IN  
IS A GOOD  
CAMERA ANGLE!  
IF THERE'S A  
WHAMMY AROUND  
THE PLACE---  
I DON'T THINK  
IT'LL BE WASTED  
ON ME!

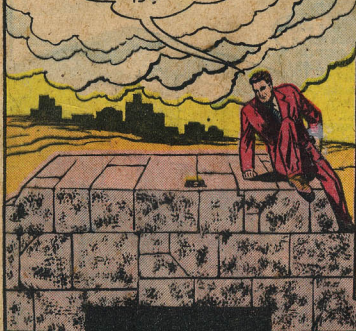
BE WARNED,  
EFFENDI---  
THE EVIL OF  
THE TOMB  
IS VERY  
OLD---AND  
IT LIVES!



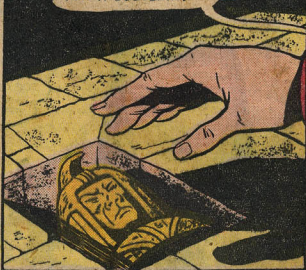


**F**OR SEVERAL MINUTES, TED CONCENTRATES ON HIS CAMERA SHOTS...AND THEN...STARTING TO CLIMB DOWN...

STRANGE...WONDER  
WHAT THAT THING  
IS?



I'LL BE SWITCHED...IT'S AN IDOL OF ONE OF THE ANCIENT GODS! THE FACT THAT NO ONE'S FOUND IT PROVES THAT PEOPLE HAVE STAYED AWAY FROM THIS PLACE FOR CENTURIES...BUT FAR AS I'M CONCERNED...IT'S A HANDY SIZE FOR A SOUVENIR!



**F**OR A FLEETING MOMENT...TED HESITATES AT THE SILENT PORTAL!

COULD BE JUST THE POWER OF SUGGESTION...BUT THERE'S SOMETHING FORBIDDING ABOUT THIS PLACE...AND IT'S GOT A TOUCH OF FASCINATION!



**A** MOMENT LATER... I'M NOT ONE TO STICK MY NECK OUT...BUT I KEEP THINKING ABOUT WHAT THAT NATIVE SAID! "UNHOLY DEAD"..."EVIL THAT LIVES"...I'D BE A CHUMP NOT TO TAKE A LOOK AROUND!



NO MISTAKE ABOUT IT...I CAN FEEL MYSELF BEING DRAWN TOWARD THIS MUMMY CASE! AND THE MORE I LOOK AT IT...THE MORE CERTAIN I AM THAT IT'S GIVING OFF A WEIRD GLOW!



**THEN...AS LAUGHTER RINGS FROM THE SHADOWS LIKE TINKLING CAMEL BELLS...**

HA  
HA  
HA!



WHAT THE DEVIL IS THIS...SOME KIND OF CORNY TRICK COOKED UP FOR TOURISTS?

DO YOU DOUBT WHAT YOU SEE? WE HAVE MET... SOON WE SHALL KNOW EACH OTHER BETTER...AND THEN I WILL ASK YOU FOR SOME TRIFLING TOKEN TO HELP ME REMEMBER YOU!

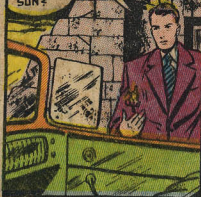


**AS THE SWAYING FIGURE  
VANISHES...**

HER BODY SEEMED TO  
DWINDE BACK INTO THE  
MUMMY CASE... **BUT THE  
THING'S COMPLETELY  
EMPTY!**



WHY SHOULD A BEAUTIFUL PHANTOM  
GLIDE OUT OF SOMETHING THAT  
**SHOULD** CONTAIN A MUMMY?  
IS THAT THE MUMMY CASE THE  
SCIENTIST TAMPERED WITH...  
OR DID I DREAM UP THE WHOLE  
THING AFTER DRIVING AROUND  
TOO LONG IN THE  
BLAZING SUN?



**THAT NIGHT... AT TED'S HOTEL...**

MIGHTY INTEREST-  
ING TO HAVE A  
GIRL LEAVE A  
NOTE FOR ME  
...BUT IT'S IN  
ARABIC! WHAT'S  
IT SAY?

GIRL WRITE SHE IS  
DANCER... AND THAT  
YOU MEET BEFORE!  
SHE WANT YOU GO  
TOMORROW-NIGHT  
TO MISRA CLUB!  
MAZRA VERY BEAUTI-  
FUL, EFFENDI!... YOU  
CERTAIN TO RECOG-  
NICE PICTURE!



THIS MAZRA...  
YOU HAVE MEET  
BEFORE,  
EFFENDI?

**HOLY  
MACKEREL!**



O.K., IT HAPPENED... BUT IT'S JUST A TELEPATHIC  
TRICK! I MERELY HAD A GLIMPSE THIS AFTERNOON  
OF SOMEONE I'M GOING TO MEET... AND MEDICAL  
BOOKS ARE FULL OF HUNDREDS OF SIMILAR CASES!  
AND ON THE OTHER HAND, I KEEP WONDERING...  
**ABOUT THAT TOMB!**



**NEXT DAY... AT THE ROYAL  
EGYPTIAN MUSEUM...**

MAYBE I'M NOSING AROUND  
LIKE A SUPERSTITIOUS CHUMP  
...BUT I DON'T WANT TO BE  
PREOCCUPIED WITH ANY  
HALF-BAKED DOUBTS  
WHEN I **KEEP** THAT  
DATE WITH MAZRA  
TONIGHT!



NO, MR. JOHNSON... WE'VE NEVER  
BEEN ABLE TO **PROVE** WHETHER  
THE TOMB OF THE UNHOLY DEAD  
WREAKS A CURSE ON ANYONE RE-  
MOVING ONE OF THE MUMMIES!  
I WOULD LIKE TO INVESTIGATE...  
BUT NATIVE LABORERS WON'T  
ENTER THE PLACE SINCE DR.  
SURAT'S DEATH!

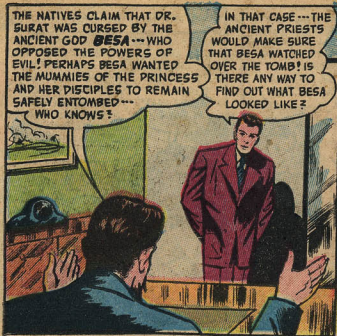
**SO THAT  
PART OF THE  
STORY IS TRUE!  
ABOUT THAT MUMMY  
...WHAT  
HAPPEN-  
ED TO  
IT?**



THE MUMMY WAS THAT OF A MINOR PRINCESS  
...WHO HAD BEEN EXPELLED FROM THE  
PHARAOH'S COURT FOR PRACTISING WITCH-  
CRAFT! DR. SURAT'S DEATH MAY HAVE BEEN  
A COINCIDENCE... BUT THE FACT REMAINS  
THAT WHEN HIS BODY WAS FOUND...  
**THERE WAS NO TRACE OF THE  
UNCOVERED MUMMY!**







THE NATIVES CLAIM THAT DR. SURAT WAS CURSED BY THE ANCIENT GOD **BESA**---WHO OPPOSED THE POWERS OF EVIL! PERHAPS BESA WANTED THE MUMMIES OF THE PRINCESS AND HER DISCIPLES TO REMAIN SAFELY ENTOMBED--- WHO KNOWS?

IN THAT CASE---THE ANCIENT PRIESTS WOULD MAKE SURE THAT BESA WATCHED OVER THE TOMB! IS THERE ANY WAY TO FIND OUT WHAT BESA LOOKED LIKE?



THERE AREN'T MANY KNOWN STATUES OF BESA--- BUT YOU MAY FIND SOME PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE LIBRARY! IN FACT, THE ENTIRE PERIOD HAS BEEN FILED UNDER THE NAME OF THE PRINCESS--- **MAZRA!**

**MAZRA!** THANKS, BUT I THINK I'VE LEARNED ENOUGH---RESEARCH WOULD BE A SHEER WASTE OF TIME!



**L**ATE THAT NIGHT---

MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA TO PRETEND I'VE **BROKEN** THAT DATE WITH MAZRA---AND FOLLOW HER WHEN SHE LEAVES THE NIGHT CLUB! I'M NOT JUMPING AT ANY CONCLUSIONS, BUT THIS BUSH JACKET MAY COME IN HANDY--- NIGHTS ARE PRETTY COOL OUT IN THE DESERT!



**I**N THE SHADOWED NATIVE QUARTER---

MAYBE I'M A CHUMP---STANDING UP A CHICK LIKE **THAT!** BUT NOW THAT SHE'S SURE I'M NOT GOING TO MEET HER---SHE'S READY TO LEAVE!



THERE'S NO USE PRETENDING I JUST **IMAGINED** WHAT TOOK PLACE IN THE TOMB! MAZRA'S REAL ENOUGH NOW---BUT THE THING THAT PUT ITS ARMS AROUND ME WAS A **PHANTOM!**



**M**ILES BEYOND---WITH THE MOONLIGHT GLINTING ON THE ENDLESS SAND---

WELL--THIS CLINCHES THINGS! MAZRA MAY PASS HERSELF OFF AS A DANCER---BUT HERE'S THE PLACE WHERE SHE REALLY BELONGS---THE TOMB OF THE UNHOLY DEAD!



YOU WHO FOLLOWED MAZRA ALONG THE WAY OF EVIL---HEAR ME!

GOOD LORD---WHO'S SHE TALKING TO? THE ONLY THINGS IN THERE ARE **MUMMIES---DEAD FOR CENTURIES!**

**AS TED SLIPS THROUGH THE DARKENED DOORWAY---**

**YE GODS... SHE'S INVOKED THE EVIL SPIRITS IN THOSE MUMMY CASES!**

I ESCAPED FROM THE WORLD OF THE UNHOLY DEAD WHEN A MORTAL UNWOUND THE WRAPPINGS THAT ENCLOSED MY BODY... THE WRAPPINGS THE PRIESTS MADE A PRISON WHEN THEY SPOKE THE NAME OF **BESA**! BUT MAZRA HAS NOT FORGOTTEN YOU... **AND SHE VOWS YOU WILL SOON BE FREE!**

THE IDOL OF **BESA** WAS PLACED ABOVE THIS PORTAL... AND I COULD NOT CLAIM IT UNTIL IT WAS TOUCHED BY LIVING HANDS! BUT MY BEAUTY IS BEWITCHING THE MORTAL WHO FOUND IT... SOON HE WILL GLADLY YIELD WHATEVER I DESIRE... **AND THE TALISMAN OF BESA WILL BE OURS!**



**S**UDDENLY---LIKE THE QUICK WITHERING OF A VENOMOUS BLOSSOM---

THE FOOL DOESN'T REALIZE THAT THE TALISMAN WILL BE THE VERY THING THAT LEADS HIM TO ME... **BECAUSE IT BESTOWS THE SUPERNATURAL POWER TO DETECT AND DESTROY EVIL!**

**GOOD LORD... WHAT'S HAPPENING TO HER FACE?**

**HA HA!** HOW COULD HE GUESS THE TRUTH... NOT HAVING SEEN ME AS I REALLY AM... THE SHRIVELED REMNANT OF A BODY THAT WAS ENTOMBED TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO?



**BLAZES... I CAN'T BEAR TO LOOK AT THAT HIDEOUS THING!**

**BY THE POWERS OF DARKNESS... HE'S HERE!**

HOW FOOL-HARDY CAN A MORTAL BE... FOLLOWING ME TO A PLACE OF DOOM?

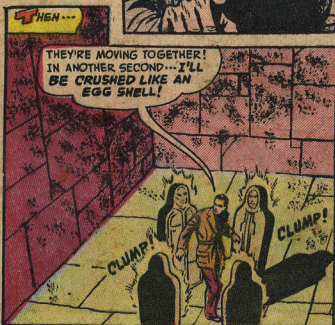
**WHOSE DOOM, MAZRA? NOW THAT I KNOW WHAT THE TALISMAN OF BESA CAN DO... I'M GOING TO SEND YOU BACK TO THE WORLD OF THE UNHOLY DEAD FOREVER!**

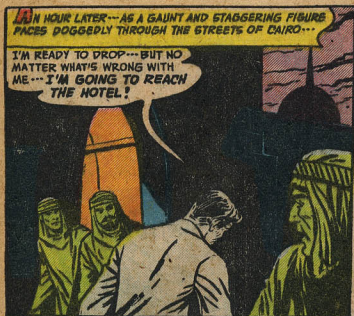
**YE GODS! THE IDOL'S IN THE POCKET OF MY OTHER COAT... BACK AT THE HOTEL!**

AND WITHOUT IT... **WHAT?** YOU HAVE COME TO A VAULT OF TERROR FEW HUMANS HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO ENTER... **BECAUSE FEW HAVE ESCAPED!**















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# "True" GHOST EXPERIENCES

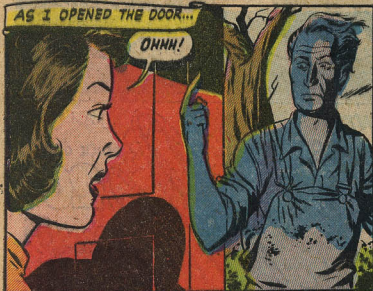
I'M VERA PARKINSON, OF BIDDEFORD, MAINE-- I READ THAT THIS MAGAZINE WAS INVITING ITS READERS TO SEND IN THEIR TRUE GHOST EXPERIENCES-- SO HERE'S MINE! IT HAPPENED ONLY A FEW MONTHS AGO, THE VERY DAY MY HUSBAND AND I MOVED INTO THE LITTLE FARM WE BOUGHT OUTSIDE OF TOWN...



JOHN HAD DRIVEN INTO TOWN FOR SUPPLIES, AND I WAS ALONE WHEN...



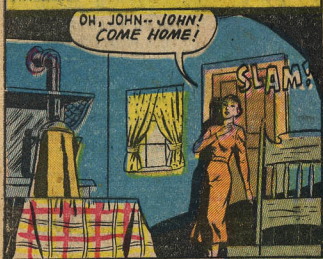
AS I OPENED THE DOOR...



TERROR OVERWHELMED ME AT THE SIGHT OF THE GHOSTLY, TRANSPARENT FIGURE-- AND WHEN I FELT THE ICY TOUCH OF ITS HAND ON MY ARM, I RECOILED IN SHEER PANIC...



WITH THE STRENGTH BORN OF DESPERATION, I WRENCHED AWAY FROM ITS GRISLY TOUCH!



MY HUSBAND RETURNED AN HOUR LATER-- BUT REFUSED TO BELIEVE MY STORY!



YE GODS! IT... IT IS A GHOST! AND IT...  
IT LOOKS LIKE CALEB MORTON, THE  
MAN I BOUGHT THE FARM FROM!

IT'S BECKONING-- AS IF IT  
WANTS TO SHOW US SOME-  
THING! I'M GOING TO  
FOLLOW-- AND SEE WHAT  
THIS IS ALL  
ABOUT!

THEN I... I'M GOING  
WITH YOU! I WON'T  
STAY IN THE HOUSE  
ALONE NOW!



THEN, A HUNDRED FEET FURTHER ON...

LOOK! IT'S POINTING AT THAT  
SHOVEL-- AS IF IT WANTS ME TO  
BRING IT ALONG! I'D BETTER  
TAKE IT-- CAN'T TELL WHAT  
THE GHOST IS UP TO!

IT'S POINTING  
AT THE GROUND!  
-- AS IF IT  
WANTS YOU  
TO DIG  
THERE!

THAT'S JUST WHAT  
I'M  
GOING  
TO DO!



SOON...

GREAT  
SCOTT--  
I'VE UN-  
COVERED  
A CORPSE!

OH... NOW  
AWFUL!



LOOK--  
THE...THE  
GHOST DIS-  
APPEARED!

YES, I GUESS ITS MISSION WAS  
ACCOMPLISHED ONCE IT POINTED  
OUT THE GRAVE! NOW IT'S UP  
TO US TO NOTIFY THE POLICE  
AND LET THEM FIND OUT  
WHAT ALL THIS MEANS!

THE POLICE DID! THE DEAD MAN WAS HORACE  
MORTON, TWIN BROTHER OF THE MAN WHO HAD SOLD  
US THE FARM! CALEB MORTON WAS HUNTED DOWN  
AND FINALLY CONFESSED THAT HE'D KILLED HIS  
BROTHER IN A VIOLENT ARGUMENT OVER DIVIDING  
THE FARM'S PROFITS! THANKS TO HORACE  
MORTON'S VENGEFUL GHOST, JUSTICE  
TRIUMPHED-- AND THE GUILTY MAN  
PAID WITH HIS LIFE  
FOR THE CRIME!



THAT  
WAS  
VERA  
PARKIN-  
SON'S  
TRUE  
GHOST  
EXPERI-  
ENCE.  
READER--  
NOW  
NOW  
ABOUT  
SENDING  
US  
YOURS!  
THE  
END



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You Can Draw Your Family, Friends, Anything From REAL LIFE—  
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send \$1.95 and we pay all charges.



IT'S NEW - IT'S  
DIFFERENT

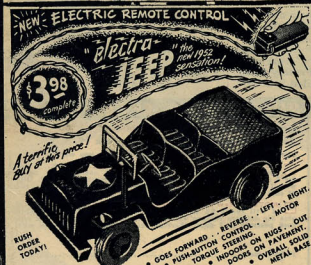
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FISH SWIM  
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LOOP

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molded from clear durable plastic with a scientific tube  
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of . . . plastic curlers . . . rub-  
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can make HAPPY the  
COWBOY actually talk!  
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—watch his lips move—  
hear your own words  
coming right out of  
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able plaid shirt and west-  
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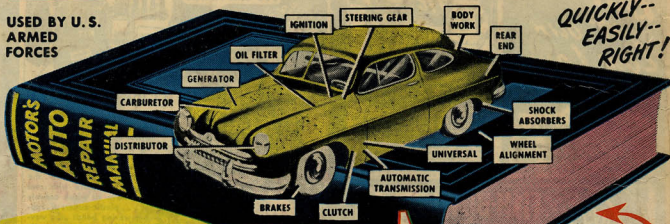
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